

Who Are We?

Shirley Bassey

Who are we to doubt the things we see
A rose, a leaf, a tree
And who are they to dare to say
Our love can never be

Ask yourself and ask the friendly dog
Why bluebirds meet above
Then who are we to turn the key
That locks the door to love

As sure as summer follows spring
As sure as Sunday church bells ring
As sure as oceans ebb and flow
I know, I know

Love is our for mortal such as we
Just fools would disagree
So to deny love so true
My darling who are we

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